

is nothing quite so attractive to us as the forbidden or impossible. A wish difficult of gratification or a prize apparently beyond our reach seems to possess an added attractiveness. That which we gain without trouble we soon cease to appreciate.

It is on this account, possibly, that the diver's art possesses so great a charm for its devotees as well as the world at large.

The sensation of a walk at the bottom of the sea is one never to be forgotten-there is something so weird, so supernatural in this defiance of the laws of nature that one's mind is filled with a sort of pleasurable dread that his temerity will speedily be pun-ished in some hitherto unheard of manner; strange to say the expectation is not at all uppleasant. One of my earliest friends was aptain George W. Townsend, of Boston, e veteran diver and submarine architect and some of the happiest of my boyhood days were passed in his office listening to his stories of adventure beneath the waves. A short time ago, when at home on a visit, I renewed our old friendship, and was invited to accompany him to the Government's works at Fort Warren, Boston harbor, of

GETTING INTO THE SUIT.

After an hour's sail we anchored above the works and the suits and apparatus were gotten ready for the divers. With a twinkle in his eye the Captain delivered me to the tender mercies of a half amphibious monster known as "Jim," who I believe to this day would have been an honor to the Spanish inquisition. After ordering me to undress he produced a heavy suit of flannels which I donned, then the diving suit was put on. It is made of sheet rubber protected on both sides with heavy tanned can yas, and is built more for strength than beauty. The suit is divided into three parts: the upper is the helmet, the intermediate the breast-plate, and the lower portion the dress. The helmet is made of cop-per and fitted with three plate glass



Ready to Descend. stand the pressure of the water, and also protected with guards—the front piece may be unscrewed, so that the diver coming up to rest may do so without removing the rest of the suit. The inlet valve through which the air is pumped is fixed in the back of the helmet and is a most delicate piece of mechanism. Should any accident hap-pen to the air hose or the force pumps, the valve instantly closes, inclosing air enough to support the diver until he can be drawn

to the surface and the belmet removed. Having got me inside the dress, James now fastened the collar, placed the life line about my waist and tied on a pair of stout leather shoes with leaden soles weighing

I then walked, or rather "shuffled," to a ladder descending into the water, where the front and back weights were adjusted, which weigh about 40 pounds apiece. At this period I had about come to the conclusion that the captain must have had some oldtime grudge against me and proposed to

A TERRIBLE REVENGE,

now that he had me in his power. I was then asked if I was ready. Knowing no particular reason to the contrary, I answered that I was, and the final instructions were that I was, and the final instructions were given. "Keep your nerves steady, don't get flurried. If you feel sick to the stomach or bleed at the nose or ears, pull the life line and we will haul you up at once—if you feel all right stay down as long as you wish." The helmet was then pulled over my head and fastened, and a moment after I felt myself being slowly lowered. The instant the water closed over me it seemed as if the head had been inclosed in a contractable helmet filled with razor-like spikes, which seemed to penetrate the head in all directions, causing an intense and indescribable pain. Tighter and tighter it seemed to grow and the spikes appeared about to meet in my head. As I was upon the point of unconsciousness there came a sudden shock, as if some one had struck the helmet a sharp blow with a sledge hammer. Instantly the pain vanished and was succeeded by a strange feeling of numbness, as one feels when dozing. Slowly this passed away and much relieved I attempted to rise to a standing position. This proved somewhat difficult of accomplishment. My feet, despite the weight of the lead-soled shoes seemed determined to float upward while it appeared as if some giant power had fastened itself upon my neck and was attempting to push my head into the sand at the bottom of the river. After several ineffectual attempts, however, I finally succeeded in as-suming an erect position, and clumsily stumbled around the works. Walking under the water is very slow work. The head and body feel very light, as if one was floating in mid-air, but at the same time the nensity of the water causes a feeling of constant contraction, as if the body was being slowly squeezed in a vise. The surging of the air through the helmet now became al-most unbearable; it appeared to enter at one ear, pass completely through the head and exit on the opposite side. A feeling of nausea now assailed me, and, considering that I had accumulated about all the knowledge of diving that I desired, I pulled the signal line and was drawn to the sur-face. The crowd gathered around expecting to see me weaken, but they were disap-pointed. I assumed a cheerfulness I was far from feeling, expressed delight at my experience, but declined a pressing invita-

tion to descend again. A DANGEROUS PROFESSION. During the return trip the Captain conversed quite freely and related several of his experiences. "People know very little about our profession," he said. "In order to become a successful diver, a man has got to be in some respects a model being. In the first place he must possess undoubted courage, cool calculation, great presence of mind, and be free from nervousness or the mind, and be tree from nervousness or the the vices of dissipation. It may safely be said that a man takes his life in his hand

BENEATH THE WAVES
How the Professional Divers Pursue
Their Precarious Calling.

A DUEL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
The Terrible Fight of a Diver With a ManEating Shark.

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The greatest diving feat I recall was perfor descended to a depth of 201 feet and remained under water for 42 minutes. Speaking of presence of mind reminds me of what
I call my first deep sea experience. It was
off the coast of Newfoundland. An
English steamer had foundered with
all on board, the wife and
infant daughter of a young merchant of
Halifax had been lost and he was very
anxious to regain the bodies. I was sent for
and descended to the wreck. I found the
bodies without difficultry, as they had been
lashed to the combing of the hatchway. I
fastened a rope around them and was about
to give the signal to hoist, when a monstrons
shark darted toward me, as he turned upon
his side to strike I threw myself backward

his side to strike I threw myself backward and he passed me by less than a foot, as he turned again I saw that the bodies had atturned again I saw that the bodies had attracted his attention, for he started straight for them, With the instinct of self-preservation I grasped the life line intending to signal a "quick hoist"—but the next instant I thought of my own wife and little one; of that bereaved husband waiting so sadly on the shore, of his grief when I should tell him that the bodies of his loved ones had been sacrificed to this

MONSTER OF THE DEEP, and I determined to at least make an at-tempt to save them. I drew my knife, a



Fighting With a Shark huge affair fully twelve inches long and two inches wide, and as the fish turned on his side I threw myself forward and drove the blade to the hilt in his stomach. He stopped short and turning, darted away about 100 yards then turned again and came at me with marvelous swiftness. Before I could move he was upon me; I saw his huge mouth open with its horrible double rows of awalika taeth and I gave mouth open her mouth open with its horrible double rows of saw-like teeth and I gave myself up for lost. How he ever missed me, I don't know; I almost felt the vicious snap of his jaws as he passed. Acting under an uncontrollable impulse I sprang forward, threw my left arm across his back, and with the right drove the knife again and again in his white stomach, up and down, backward and forward the huge creature darted; opening and closing his jaws and lashing the water furiously in his attempts to shake me off, and even in that moment of supreme peril I felt the cold drops of perspiration stand out on my forehead as I thought of the possibility of the air pipe parting. Slowly my strength gave out, my ingers lost their grip on the monster's side and I fell in a heap at the bottom, the fish darted upward a few feet, then stopped, and. darted upward a few feet, then stopped and, after a short struggle, turned over on his side and slowly sank. The battle was over, and man had again triumphed. I rapidly sig-naled to hoist the bodies, and immediately followed them. As you may imagine it was sometime before I recovered from that trip. "It is very rare, however, that a shark will attack a diver. Fish, I have noticed, are much like animals, dogs in particular. If a man shows an inclination to run he will generally be attacked, but if he boldly ad-vances toward them they will turn and dart

A DUEL UNDER THE SEA. One of the best divers I ever met was old Captain Compton, who was murdered at the bottom of the sea. We were working at the bottom of the sea. We were working at the time on the wreck of an East Indiaman, in the Atlantic side of Cape Cod, the peninsula of Massachusetts. Among our crew was a huge Haytian negro known as "Nigger Jack," who had for some reason taken a violent dislike to Compton. He never lost an opportunity of picking a quarrel. Time and again they had tried to settle the matter with fists, the negro invariably getting the worst of the conflict. On the occasion I mention Compton, Jack and another diver were sent down together. After working a medeniable proof that the electric force short time the negro suddenly drew his knife, and, springing at Compton, made a vicious lunge at his right side, hoping to cut through the canvas coat and dispose of him. The old captain was too quick for him, however. He caught the assassin's arm and threw him off, at the same time drawing his own weapon. The began a battle for life beneath the waves. The captain glanced into the blaz-ing eyes glaring at him from behind the negro's helmet and knew that the life of one negro's heimet and knew that the life of one or the other would soon pay the penalty of the feud. Again and again the negro sprang at Compton—only to find his blows parried—around they circled, jumping here and there, and we above grew alarmed at the strain on the air pipes and life lines, until suddenly a rush of water into Compton's



pump told us that his pipe had parted; quickly I sprang to the hoisting ropes in-tending to raise him before the air in the helmet should give out, but to my horror they were slack, showing that they, too, had paried. At this instant came the "quick hoist" signal on the line of the other white diver, and wild with fear, we grasped the ropes and soon had him in the boat. Quickly we removed his belimet and plied him with questions. with questions. For a moment he could not speak, the he gasped, "Compton's dead, the nigger killed him, he cut the pipe and lines," and fainted, the shock of the submarine murder had been too great for even

this strong man. SECURING THE MURDERER.

We tested the negro's lines they were still taut, and arming ourselves with clubs we hoisted the murderer to the boat—he offered no opposition as we removed the snit and securely bound him. I instantly dressed and descended after Compton's body the water armed him. body, the water around him was tinged with blood and as I bent over him I noticed, with blood and as I bent over him I noticed, with horror that the front of his jacket had actually been cut to pieces, no less than a dozen wounds being afterward found upon his body. The negro was tried and convicted but committed suicide by choking himself with the sleeve of his shirt. I have recovered a great many bodies under many peculiar circumstances, but the saddest sight I ever remember was when called upon to recover the bodies of a party called upon to recover the bodies of a party of little children who were drowned in Lake of little children who were drowned in Lake Michigan while on a pleasure trip. I found them generally in pairs, locked in each other's arms, and with the most pathetic and appealing expression on their faces. I was an old-timer even then, but I tell you I hated to touch them. These are some of the unpleasant features of our business. Of course, there are some fascinating ones also, but take it all in all, it is a dangerous method of making a living, and a diver's life is not to be envied." MORTON.

every time he makes a descent. There are so many accidents that may happen. You must remember the terrible pressure the water exerts; at the depth of 100 feet the pressure is 62% pounds to the square inch.

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EVERY DAY SCIENCE

Grand Scientific Crusade Projected Against the Mosquito. TRANSMISSION OF BACTERIA

Shock. SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

An Indian Plant Which Gives an Electric

Readers of THE DISPATCH who desir information on subjects relating to industrial development and progress in mechanical, civil and electrical engineering and the sciences can have their queries answered through this column.

Let the mosquito beware, for the enemy is n his track. Dr. Robert H. Lamborn, in describing the results of investigations made on the subject, states that the larvæ of the dragon fly swallow undeveloped mosquitoes in large numbers, and from this he deduces the theory that whole tribes of noxious insects may be exterminated by the artificial multiplication of their innoxious enemie With the idea of encouraging inquiry and investigation on the subject, he has placed in the hands of the President of the American Museum of Natural History, Morris K. Jesup, New York, \$200, to be paid in three prizes of \$150, \$30 and \$20 for the three best essays based on original observations and experiments on the destruction of mosquitges and flies by insects. The follow ing suggestions are made as to the direction in which the investigation should be carried and the essay formulated: (1). Observations and experiments on various insects that destroy mosquitoes and house flies, stating the method of and capacity of destruction; (2) observations and experiments to determine the best dragon flies to be artificially multiplied for the two above-named objects—probably species of Aeschna, Libellula, or Diplar; (3) give detailed state-ments of the habits and life history of the species chosen, based on original and care-ful experiments and observations; (4) sug-gest a plan for breeding the insects in large numbers, with a sketch of apparatus and estimated cost of producing them per thous-and; (5) formulate a plan for using the in-sects in the larva, pupa or perfect state for the destruction of mosquitoes and flies, (a) in houses, (b) in cities, (c) in neighborhoods. be artificially multiplied for the two above-

Real Electric Plant. M. Fulbert-Drumenton, in the course of an interesting article on electricity, in the animal and vegetable world, tys in La Nature "The electric world also possesses its electri-cal species. Has there not been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic powers? It has been badly named the Philotacea Electrica. The hand which breaks a leaf from this plant receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by an induction coil. which is produced by an induction coil. At a distance of six yards a magnetic needle is affected by it, and will be deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All-powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb, and bends its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrells. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected beside it. One never by any chance sees a bird or insect alight on

It is universally admitted that many infectious agents may be transported by the air, but the extent of danger from this

source has often been exaggerated. It is a popular error to suppose that most of the minute particles of dust in the air either are

or contain living organisms. The methods

or centain living organisms. The methods for determining the number and kind of bacteria and fungi in the air are now thoroughly satisfactory, although by no means perfect. These have shown that while the number of living bacteria and fungi in the atmosphere in and around human habitations cannot be considered small, still it is greatly inferior to that in the ground or in most waters. Unlike fungus spores, bacteria do not seem to occur to any extent as single detached particles, which would then necessarily be extremely minute, but rathor in clumps or attached to particles of dust of relatively large size. As a result, in a perfectly quiet atmosphere, these comparatively heavy particles.

Sall on Fast Steamships. an undeniable proof that the electric belongs exclusively to the plant. Gastronomy in Relation to Health. The time of eating is a matter of no small consequence. This is, to some extent, subject to individual convenience; but we may take it that, as a general rule, not less than

five hours should separate one meal from another. The short interval of rest usual after meals, will commend itself as being in strict accordance with physiological necessi-ties. The quantity and quality of food taken also require careful attention and these again, must be regulated by reference these again, must be regulated by reference to the work to be done by a given person. Some difference of opinion has always existed as to the proper daily allowance of meat. We all probably do justice to the digestive powers of most persons, however, by advising that only one substantial meat meal be taken daily. More than this would tend, if continued, to overload the tissues with digested products, and less would hardly suffice for full nutrition. Drink, if alcoholic, should be sparingly taken, or not used at all. Cookery has in these days, been elaborated almost to excess. Variety and delicacy are carried to an extreme, and we should probably gain rather than lose if plainness combined with care were adopted as our rule of practice in such matters.

Luminous Fountains at the Paris Exposition For a long time the illumination of caseades by the electric light has proved a never-faiting source of pleasure to the pub-lic; the lighting up of the falls of Niagara in this way is one of the most beautiful spectacles that can well be imagined. But this method of illuminating falling water has lost its novelty, and a new idea, which was put into practice a few years ago in London, has taken its place, and is now adopted for the illumination of the fountains at the Paris Exposition. This is to imprison the luminous ray within the liquid jet, and that so perfectly that each particle of water becomes, as it were, incandescent, while the whole stream is transformed into a brilliant mass of molten gold or silver or of any color that it may be desired to impart. Before the eyes of the astonished spectator the jets of water suddenly change in the intensity of their light and color; luminous in themselves, and sparkling like a display of fireworks in the darkness, they throw intumerable sparks in all directions, but unlike a display of fireworks which lasts only for an instant, the effect can be prolonged for any desired time. The variations in the luminous intensity, as well as in the power and heights of the jets combine to give a special charm to the effects produced. this method of illuminating falling water

Ye Forks Beyont Ye Allegheny Hills. This was the name given to Pittaburg by King James in 1609. The first house was made of bark, situated at the corner of Cecil alley and Liberty street. This historic old place is modestly called the "Half Century" Liquor House, where only the Prince Regent and Windsor Castle brands can be purchased. All the other prominent brands of liquors, wines, brandies, etc., non-alcoholic and eider. At 523 Liberty street, foot of Fifth avenue. of Fifth avenue.

California Claret. Coleman's Flag Brand, G. W. S. Flag Brand, Zinfandel Claret, by the case or bottle. G. W. SCHMIDT, 95 and 97 Fifth avenue, city. CABINET photos, 89c per doz. Lies' Popular Gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth st. MWFSU

BLACK silks at 75c, 85c and 95c a yard; he greatest values offered at the price. HUGUS & HACKE, Patr balse Homelada By drinking Frauenheim & Vilsack's Pitts-burg been. It is a healthful and invigorat-ing beforege. Telephone 1186.

cotton, wool or sand. Rain washes down a large number of bacteria from the air. That the air bacteria are derived from the ground or objects upon it is shown by their total absence, as a rule, from sea air at a distance from land, this distance naturally varying with the strength and direction of the wind.

Proper Temperature of Rooms Much difference of sentiment exists as to the proper temperature for rooms best pro-motive of the comforts of the occupants, and the ideas of different nations present curious phases. Curtis tells us that the Chilians, with a climate similar to that of Washing ton think that fires in a house are unhealth-

ful, and wear their heavy wraps indoors as ful, and wear their heavy wraps indoors as well as out, and although coal is cheap and wood abundant, sit in their houses with noses blue and teeth chattering, and at fashionable gatherings women appear in evening dress with the thermometer between 40 and 50. He also states that the mortality from lung and throat affections is immease. The Englishman, too, sits in his parlor with a small grate and considers himself comfortable with the thermometer in the fitties. The proper temperature for every individual fortable with the thermometer in the fitties. The proper temperature for every individual is probably that at which he is most comfortable, and this will vary with the physical condition and the manner of dreasing; one who dresses very warmly needs but little for wraps and will be oppressed with a temperature agreeable to one who makes more difference between indoor and outdoor

Inflammable Flowers It is well-known Dictamnus fraxinella at the close of a dry sunny day are surrounded by a gas which is inflammable and will ignite with a sudden flash of flame when a lighted match is applied to them. Certain plants, and very notably the Rutacese and Labiatæ, secrete various products such as essential oils, resins, gums, balsams, etc. When one of the glands containing the active secretion was examined by a microscope on a hot day it was empty. its contents having been drawn out by the heat through the cells of the epidermis, or through the air that terminates the gland. It must be understood that the surrounding air has to be pretty strongly impregnated with the gas of the volatilized resin in order to take fire when a lighted match is applied to it. This experiment has also been carried out in France by placing a pot plant of fraxinella in bloom under a bell-glass, and leaving it there for some time, when the air in the bell-glass was found to be so highly charged with the resinous gas that it ignited the moment a lighted match was applied to it, and, it may be added, without doing the slightest injury to the plant. Labiatæ, secrete various products such as

correspondent from Portland, Ore., states that an attempt has recently been made to increase the somewhat limited variety of native song birds in this country by the importation of several varieties of German birds. Not long since the birds arrived in the charge of a competent keeper, and after being placed on exhibition for a tew days they were all turned loose to multitew days they were all turned loose to multi-ply and prosper. There were some 300 birds in all, consisting mainly of chaffinches, gold-finches, greenfinches, bullfinches, starlings, nightingales, skylarks, German robins, linnets, thrushes, grossbeaks and last, but not least, several specimens of the singing quail. It is understood that many of them have been observed nesting, and it is very likely that they will form a valuable addi-tion to our feathered family.

The Sims-Edison torpedo is a spindleshaped shell divided into compartments by bulkheads, the forward compartments conbulkheads, the forward compartments containing from 350 to 800 pounds of dynamite, while the length of the electric cable which keeps it in touch, so to speak, with the shore or vessel is as much as from 6,000 feet to 11,000 feet. The electric motor is said to be a 40-horse power, and a speed of over 20 miles per hour has been obtained. When the torpedo arrives at its destination it is exploded by a manipulation of the switches on shore or on shipboard.

steamship, City of Paris, says that fore and aft canvas is of no assistance to a fast steamer, not even for steadying purposes.

Instead of increasing the speed, he says that
the spars and sails frequently retard them
as much as a mile an hour. Within a few years he expects to note the absence of both canvas and spars from all ocean flyers.

Internal Screfula Cared by La-ca-pi-a.

You can search medical records for a long time before finding a more remarkable case or more remarkable cure than that of Mrs. John Smertz, of Pierpont, O. For 22 years she had suffered terribly with stomach trouble. Then chronic diarrhea set in. Then a fibrous tumor developed. Then a cancer broke out on her face. Her physician or medicine could cure the scrofula which broke out in various blood diseases all through her body. A copy of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life" led her to try La-ca-pi-a, the great blood remedy. Before she had taken one bottle, she says, she began to feel like a new creature, and in a remarkably short time her stomach trouble, her diarrhea and her cancers had all disappeared. She declares that Lacupia is the "greatest medicine in the world." It a bottle. "Ills of Life" sent free to any address by the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Internal Scrofula Cared by La-ou-pl-a.

A Pleasant Combination. A Pleasant Combination.

The Queen has been rather troubled with rheumatism and insomnia again lately. Her Majesty has been ordered to take scarcely anything beside whisky and Apollinaris, as it is found that that pleasant and wholesome combination is most beneficial to her. The black crutch walking stick has been painfully in evidence since the Queen's return from the North, but except for this Her Majesty's health is as good as it usually is in the summer.—Lady's Pictorial, London, July 6, 1889.

New Connection for Bedford Springs vin For the benefit of visitors to Bedford Springs, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that the Mail Express, leaving Pittaburg at 1 P. M., will connect through to Bedford on week days, reaching that point at an early hour in the evening. This arrangement greatly improves the service to this very popular resort, as residents of towns along the line of the road can leave home after dinner and arrive at Bedford for supper.

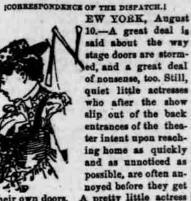
sing out all summer goods below cost F. SCHOENTHAL, 612 Penn ave.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

How Actresses Are Annoyed by Stage Door Stormers.

THE CHARMS OF STREET MUSIC. Startling Noises in the Morning at a Sea-

side Resort. OUR ABLE-BODIED PRIEND, THE PORTER



A pretty little actres o their own doors. laughed over her mishap: "Oh, yes," said she, "I get 'followed," as they call it, lots of times. Usually the man drops off about Fiftieth street-I live away uptown, you know. I never see them, and I really believe when they give up the follow it's because I am so pre-occupied and absent-minded that they have no chance. I always look pre-occupied and absent-minded—it is the best way. Only last week I had a case of a different kind.

This young fellow boarded the street car with me. It was really hard not to meet his glance, he was so

ALEBT AND PERSISTENT, but I succeeded till about Sixty-third street. By that time I knew he knew I knew he wa there. I determined to avoid the next stage of the affair, for that would be when he knew I knew he knew I knew he was there. A man is so likely to speak at that stage. As it was, I kept my eyes glued to the floor, looked very severe and sat up straight. At Seventy-second I got off, and he got off, too. Seventy-second I got off, and he got off, too. I was just the least bit frightened, but I was more indignant than scared. He crossed, walked ahead of me, recrossed, and came back toward me. It seemed to be arranged to intercept me at my own front step. As I fitted my key, I gave one glance of utter rage and contempt at the tellow. He was deliberately standing there to get it. He took off his hat and said genially: "Well, Nellie, you're the hardest girl to get a look out of I ever saw."

I just sat down on the doorstep and almost

I just sat down on the doorstep and almost cried. He was only Bobby Guy, you know, who traveled all last season with me, and the dearest old fraud in the world. I could have killed him then, though. Think of going to all that trouble for a joke."

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC. "Music hath charms," in the direction that the saying puts it. It also can do more. I came toilling up Twenty-sixth street toward Broadway on a hot day. My feet dragged one after the other, and my chin hung loose. The two fellows in front of me were wrecks, too, and didn't care whether they sixiled down a crack in the sidewalk right therefor later. Across the way a nice little accordion-skirted girl lagged languidly, her bang uncurled, and letting little drops of perspiration trickle from its damp ends on to the little freekled nose turned up to meet it. The air quivered from its damp ends on to the little freekled nose turned up to meet it. The air quivered with heat as it rose from the parched pave. The eight yellow shoes smoked and looked more tanned than ever. Broadway seemed to get further and further off. The torrid old Italian, grinding an organ at the corner had the best time of us all, and tried to make things worse for us by grinding out 'Greenlands Icy Mountains.'

"I made up my mind to express myself, and if the two fellows didn't do it first, kill the heathen when I reached him. Of a sudden his organ changed time to Johnnie, get yer gun, get yer gun, get yer gun, gun, nnie, get yer gun, get yer gun, gun, gun." A CHANGE OF STEP.

I don't know what I was doing—swinging my umbrella, I think, and whistling while I cheerfully kept time with my heels. I hadn't noticed that I was doing anything till I observed the fellows in front of me. They were swinging their umbrellas and prancing along to the "gun, gun, gun," and the little accordion girl (variety, of course, and a wonder I didn't notice it before) flip-flapping and tripping tra-la with those tancolored tootsies of hers, her chin up, the blue bells on her hat bobbing, her elbows



The Indefatigable Porter

crocked, and her ankles turning the corners of the accordion skirt till each stocking seemed to have ten clocks up the side, and seemed to have ten clocks up the side, and every trim muscle of her figure keeping time to the gun, gun, gun! You would have thought the lot of us had gotten into a galvania circuit. Yes, music is moving.

I am stopping at a seashore resort near this city, and it may be comforting to the unfortunates who are compelled to remain at home in the heat of town life if I declare if anybody sleeps at this house it is because he or she is a good deal cleverer at that sort of thing than I am. MIDNIGHT MELODISTS.

There are two creatures here, a man and a woman, possessing conventionally planned feet and a mawkish sentimentality for one feet and a mawkish sentimentality for one another, and they succeed in knocking enough reverberating melody out of a hollow wooden plazza to render sleep a wholly unattainable condition in my high-priced room. And, do you know, I am on the same floor with a man who snores. This man who snores does not suffer from insomnin, not during the night. He is down at the other end of the hallway from me, but his snore isn't. The diaphanous texture of the walls in this house makes that snore so palpable that I keep feeling over on the other side of the bed to see if somebody hasn't crawled in alongside of me.

me.

Sometimes I sleep for an hour or two, beginning before 2 in the morning. At about 3:15 a clatter of dishes comes rattling into my casual dreams, like a load of bricks being dumped out of a cart. That is the kitchen waking up with me. The heaviest dishes in the world are used in this house. As I lie awake trying to think of what could be done to dishes in order to get so much noise out of them, a porter, who sounds as if he weighed a little more than 700 pounds, wakes a man up for an early boat.

THE ABLE-BODIED PORTER.

Den't Ferget

Den't Ferget

Den't Ferget

Den't Serget

De

boat gets clothes enough on to open the door and prove that he is aware someone is knocking, then all that can be heard for the next few minutes is the rhythmic tread of the porter as it grows less in the distance. And new the girl with the broom gets round. I have never seen this girl with the broom, but I have learned to hate her so intensely that I am surprised at my own venomous emotions. She sweeps, sweeps, sweeps like a fiend, and she appears to have a settled theory that the very dirtiest place in the whole hall is right where my door forms an angle with the floor. She rams her broom against the dirt at this point as though it had got baked on and needed to be knocked off with a club.

When this girl has accomplished her domestic labor, and has gone off somewhere—to die, I fondly hope—then our able-bodied



friend, the porter, starts to come up stairs again from somewhere in the basement. He arrives on my floor after awhile and proceeds to invite the "sports" who hunt and angle to come forth and shoot the early bird or yank the unwary fish. He invites a man to come out and enjoy himself in precisely the same way he raises one for an early boat. So much for the sleeping facilities of this healthful summer resort.

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For prospectus address, as above,
jy25-65-8u MOTHER SUPERIOR.

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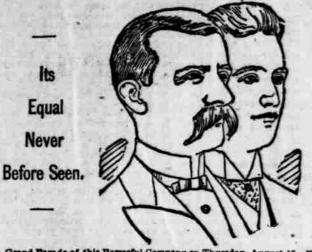
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